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## WINDS AND WAVES RULE WATERFRONT

### The Doric Did Not Dare Go Out Until Daylight.

## ROUGH EXPERIENCES OF THE TUGS FEARLESS AND ELEU YESTERDAY

### Kona Storm to Celebrate Kalakaua's Birthday—Captain Cameron Nearly Goes to the Coast Against His Will— Yachts Are Damaged.

ALL yesterday the Kona storm raged. It is raging yet, and according to all the old weather prophets on the waterfront, it is bound to continue for three or four days. From late Wednesday night, at about the time that the Doric was booked to leave for San Francisco, right on through the day, up to the present time, the furious south-east winds prevailed and had things pretty much their own way at sea, along the shore, on the windward side of this island as well as on this side.

What tales of rough experiences incoming vessels will have to tell of the fury of wind and wave remain to be heard. It was quite rough enough in the harbor and in the channel yesterday to satisfy the most exacting lover of stormy times and it has been several years since Honolulu has been visited by such a windstorm.

As the great waves around the mouth of the channel rose to threatening heights and dashed in mighty strength over the unseen and treacherous bar, boiling and breaking and booming, dashing their spray high into the air, the old natives along the waterfront shook their heads and prophesied still rougher weather for to-day, for, they said, to-day is the birthday of the King and on every birthday of the King the winds and the waves vie with each other in producing a magnificent spectacle to his glory, an awe-inspiring scene which legend and ancient story attribute to the gods who are supposed to celebrate the birthdays of Hawaiian Kings in such royal style.

To-day is the birthday of King Kalakaua; this in itself is sufficient of an explanation of the condition of the weather to the minds of the older Hawaiians.

But the haole sailor thinks naught of all this as he strains every muscle and makes every effort to bring his vessel safely into the harbor through the narrow channel while the angry breakers roar and the fierce Kona rages at his heels, or attempts, with the laboring tug, to assist the ponderous ocean steamer out of the harbor on her way to open sea bound for the Coast.

To look at the breakers from the waterfront, it seemed that there was no mouth to the channel at all. It seemed rather that one continuous line of towering water and boiling foam guarded the harbor, unwilling to allow the entrance or exit of any vessels.

Buoys were torn from their moorings and sent wandering through the shallow waters that hid the coral reefs, vessels lying at anchor in naval row tugged threateningly at their hawsers as if anxious to make a sudden dash for the wharfs, small sailing craft, rowboats and pleasure boats of all descriptions were tossed hither and thither on the restless, choppy surface of the waters of the harbor.

None dared venture outside either on pleasure bent or for business purposes. Japanese fishing boats lay safely sheltered from the storm behind the boat-houses.

Several little yachts have been seriously damaged as a result of being badly pounded in a general mixup near the boat-houses during the dark hours of yesterday morning while the storm was at its height. A pilot boat was also a sufferer and a couple of the boat boys were slightly battered into the bargain.

The steamship Doric, which arrived from the Orient Wednesday morning, thirty-six hours behind time on account of the storm, and which was booked to leave at 11 o'clock the same night for San Francisco, remained in port until 6:30 o'clock yesterday morning. Captain Smith refused to take his vessel out while the storm was raging, very wisely deciding to wait until daylight so that he could see what he was doing. When daylight came the Doric was all ready for sea. The tug Eleu was on hand to pull her away from the wharf. But the Eleu reckoned without the power of the wind.

The wind simply glued the great bulk of the Doric to the Pacific Mail wharf and kept her there despite the vigorous and continued efforts of the Eleu.

Finding that the strength of the Eleu was not sufficient to move the Doric the Fearless was called upon to do the business. The powerful sea-going tug took hold of the big liner, gave a long pull and a strong pull and finally succeeded in shifting the Doric from the wharf. The Doric got her nose pointed

with the wind, and picking up Pilot Cameron, started through the channel. She had to be very careful and those on shore watched her progress with great interest. She got outside without any trouble but lost the pilotboat, which was trailing along behind, just before the mouth of the channel was reached.

It seems that the line holding the pilot boat was suddenly lost astern after crushing up against the iron side of the big vessel. One side of the pilot boat was badly injured and two of the boys were slightly bruised by being thrown around in the boat. The injury to the boat was not serious enough to make her take water to any extent and at first the boys were for going outside the harbor after the Doric to get Captain Cameron who had been left aboard. This was found to be impossible, however, on account of the tremendous waves which were rushing into the channel and mingling with the breakers on the reef until the mouth of the channel and the reef seemed to be one. So the pilot boat was compelled to put back and the pilot was left aboard the Doric to take a trip to San Francisco unless he was taken off by one of the tugs.

The captain of the Doric did not realize that the pilot boat had been lost until the steamer was outside of the harbor headed for the open sea. Then the pilot made known his desire to go ashore, looked for his boat and found it gone. The Doric was headed back towards the mouth of the channel and a signal for a tug to go out immediately was hoisted. The Eleu, seeing the signal started right away for the Doric, thinking that something had happened to her machinery or that the vessel had perhaps gone onto the reef.

The intentions of the Eleu were all right but she is not a sea-going tug and when she started to buck against the great waves and the fierce winds it was plainly seen that, if she succeeded in getting to the Doric at all, she would have an exceedingly rough time of it. She started out bravely, enough but hardly had she gotten to the middle of the channel before the full force of the storm struck her. First she stood on her stern, it seemed as if the waters pushed her bows out of the water, then the next moment it seemed that she was trying to dive beneath the surface of the ocean as she practically stood upon her head and shook the water from her after deck. This, at first, merely amused the people who were watching on the waterfront, but when a little later it was seen that the Eleu was being pounded by tons and tons of water which fell upon her decks and

crushed against her upper works until they threatened to be washed overboard, the matter was indeed a serious one and the movements of the tug were anxiously watched.

At times nothing was to be seen of the Eleu but her smokestack. The great waves swept her decks from stem to stern and burst into the captain's room, drenching his belongings. Her plucky captain kept up the one-sided fight with the elements, however, until it was impossible for him to take his tug any further out. The Eleu would not answer her helm and was in great danger of going on the reef. There was nothing for it but to turn back, and this was finally managed, and the Eleu came plunging on her homeward way with the wind roaring at her heels, and every man aboard drenched to the skin, and a good amount of water in her hold.

Meanwhile the pilot was still aboard the Doric and had to be brought ashore. Then the Fearless started out. It was a test of strength and seaworthiness, and Captain Brokaw of the Fearless fully realized this fact. But he had the greatest confidence in his boat and started to the Doric, determined to come back with the pilot or to stay out himself. If the Fearless had been satisfied to go out slowly she would probably have managed it without taking much water aboard, but she was in a hurry, for it must be remembered that it was not yet known why the Doric had signalled for a tug. Captain Brokaw did not know but what the Doric was in some great danger and needed his assistance at once. So the Fearless forged ahead at full speed, taking sea after sea aboard. The water piled up against her bow and broke all over her decks and, in breaking, the wind took the spray and tossed it all over the tug until nothing could be seen of her except the top of her smokestack. The Fearless took aboard just as much water as the Eleu but she was better able to stand it, and although her upper works were buffeted by the heavy seas, she went through it all right and finally arrived at a safe distance of the waiting Doric.

The captain of the Doric wanted Brokaw to take his tug right alongside the Doric so that the pilot could get aboard by the rope ladder. Captain Brokaw knew better than that, however, and the Fearless went alongside the big steamer in the sea that was running at the time would have been to smash a hole in the side of the Doric.

So the tug lay to while a boat was lowered from the Doric and the pilot was sent aboard the Fearless. Then the Doric stood out to sea and the Fearless returned to her wharf triumphantly, with Captain Cameron aboard, who had come very near taking a trip to San Francisco.

In the small hours of yesterday morning there was a great tangling up among the little yachts lying at anchor near the boat houses. They were blown together and badly mixed up, banging one against the other, and injuring one another more or less seriously. Young's steam launch, the Water Witch, was driven ashore, and the Bonnie Dundee was almost chewed up by the pound-  
ing which she received while lying across the bows of two other yachts. Yesterday the Bonnie Dundee was moved over to the Navy wharf and made fast to one of the coal barges. La Paloma was damaged considerably, and will need extensive repairs.

The Young brothers, who live right next to the pilot house, were up all Wednesday night trying to save the little yachts from breaking each other up. One of them swam out to one of the yachts and took her to a place of safety; they also rescued Young's steam launch from the beach, where it was being bumped up and down with no gentle force.

### STORM ABATING.

The wind died down about midnight although the sea continued to be exceedingly rough. It is thought that the severe storm which has been raging for the past few days has about blown itself out.

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(Continued on Page 2.)

## HORSE NEARLY KILLED BY A LIVE WIRE LAST NIGHT

FALLEN electric light and telephone wires at the corner of Liliha and School streets almost electrocuted a hack horse belong to driver Harbub of hack 236 last night at 9 o'clock. A Chinese store was almost set on fire and a series of accidents were averted by the prompt and heroic action of the police and several citizens.

Ed. McNerny while walking toward Nuuanu street on School street discovered that a large algeroba tree had fallen across the street, carrying with it several wires. A hack was coming behind him, the driver evidently not knowing the danger. Mr. McNerny shouted to him to drive on the left hand side of the street. At the time he saw that a telephone pole had also fallen and its wires were entangled with those of the Government electric light. The telephone wires were not touching the electric light wires at that time and Mr. McNerny lifted them so that the horse and hack could pass under. Instead of obeying his injunction the driver went to the right and was about 4 feet away when he saw sparks flying and sputtering from the iron shoes of the horse. The horse fell down apparently dead.

A telephone message was sent to the Police Station for assistance. Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth, Captain Fox and an officer went to the scene and found Mr. McNerny trying to cut the telephone wires with a hatchet. The officers prevailed upon him to stop his dangerous action as there was a short circuit with a heavy voltage which would have killed a man had it made the journey through him. The electric light company was telephoned and asked to shut off that current in that circuit.

Superintendent Cochran of the telephone company responded to a call and rendered valuable assistance in disentangling the wires. Mr. McNerny procured a pair of insulated pliers and cut the wires around the horse and freed him from further contact with the electricity. Superintendent Cochran managed to clear the telephone wires from those of the electric company by throwing a rope over them and pulling them away. In doing this one of the wires dropped down upon the corrugated iron roof of a Chinese store and the entire neighborhood was treated to a brilliant display of pyrotechnics. The street was lighted up by a glare as great as a dozen arc lamps could have given.

After getting this wire clear Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth feared that the store might have caught fire. After repeated knockings on the door the latter was broken down. An investigation of the interior of the front portion showed that nothing had taken fire. They went to the rear and knocked several times and smashed in two doors in their quest and found the Oriental proprietor calmly sleeping despite the terrific noise about him. When awakened he caught sight of the police star on Chillingworth's breast and made no protest against the breaking of his slumbers and mildly proceeded to patch up the shattered doors.

Dr. Rowatt, veterinarian, was called by telephone and after working upon the apparently lifeless animal and injecting drugs into him, he finally got him to his feet. The horse staggered and gasped and finally became quite docile.

## DEATH LURKED IN THE BOTTLE

### Three Men Drank Poison For Wine.

## ALL WENT BLIND AND PASSED AWAY

### Punchbowl Portuguese Colony Stricken in Curious Manner.

### August Medeiros, Joaquin Silva and Joe Cabral, the Victims of a Fatal Indulgence.

Death came to three men in the past thirty-six hours in mysterious guise, attacking them in the very presence of the corpse of a friend they mourned and striking them down almost before they realized they were the objects of the fiend's hatred.

While sorrowing for the death of their old friend, Joseph Silva, August Medeiros, Joaquin Silva and Joseph Cabral partook of a deadly poison which they mistook for wine of home manufacture. They were warned not to drink the liquor but despite these injunctions, copious draughts of it were swallowed.

August Medeiros died at 3 o'clock Wednesday afternoon after a short illness which was at first attributed to heart failure.

Joaquin Silva, well-known in Honolulu as "Hotel Joe," passed away at 3 o'clock yesterday morning.

Joe Cabral, foreman for H. H. Williams, the undertaker, died an hour later.

Four others were reported to the Board of Health as being ill from the effects of the same liquor and one lay in a precarious condition yesterday. Two of them were men, one a woman and the fourth was a fourteen-year-old son of August Medeiros. Dr. Camp, is attending the patients and states that none of them is in danger.

A fourth victim of the tragedy may be added to the list. J. J. Silva, of Kauai, was one of the mourners. He was drunk when he went to the deceased Silva's house and drank more of the liquid than the others. He left for Kauai on one of the steamers Tuesday afternoon and the next steamer from the Garden Isle is expected to bring news of his sudden death.

A curious chapter of incidents is woven around the story of the tragedy which opened on Monday forenoon in the house of old man Silva on Punchbowl street nearly opposite the Mormon church. He and some friends were in the house and to them he offered wine of his own making. "Silva's wine" is well-known to the denizens of the slopes of Punchbowl.

The grapes of his own vineyard are pressed to bring out the juice which is made into wine. It is sorghum but is palatable to the Portuguese who were wont to drop in on the old man often.

One of these was a Russian Finn named Wilhelm. He drank several beakers with Silva on Monday. Silva took much of it also.

"I drank his wine," said Wilhelm yesterday as he watched the coffin of Medeiros borne to the hearse, "but it hasn't harmed me. It could not have been his wine which caused these men to die. Silva I know made a cordial of his wine and used methylated spirits for that purpose. He made a large quantity of wine and to this he would add a small amount of the methylated liquor to make it a cordial."

The old man also made a mixture for killing insects on the flowers and vines. It was ant poison, I think. Probably these dead men got hold of a bottle of that poison and drank it. If they did it would surely cause their death.

"This old man was a florist and it was natural for him to concoct mixtures to kill the insect pests which would destroy his flowers and plants. He had some powder and with wood alcohol mixed it to make an ant poison. This he kept in these square face bottles which formerly held gin. The contents were red in color, something like whiskey, only a little lighter. It was a medicine for the flowers."

"Well when his friends began to gather to mourn at his bier the men went about the house and helped themselves to whatever liquor they could find. They got hold of this poison instead of his wine."

"Yesterday afternoon, that's Wednesday, when I came home from work I heard that Medeiros was dead. When I heard that I felt rather queer. The sudden death of Silva and then of Medeiros startled me for they were both my friends. I went to the house and true, I found him stretched out cold in death. They told me that the doctor had said he had been drinking something with poison in it."

"That evening Joaquin Silva came in.

He is a guard at the Insane Asylum and had been sent home by Dr. Herbert because he appeared to be ill. He stayed there at Medeiros' house a short time and finally said he was sick and would go home. He said: 'Tell me where Medeiros' body lies; I want to see him.' We took him to the side of Medeiros and told him he was in front of him."

"Where is he? I can't see him," Silva said. That struck me as rather strange for he was within six inches of Medeiros' body. Silva said he couldn't see anything. We led him out and after a while he said he felt better and started for home. This morning when I reached my work at the wharf I was told that Silva also was dead. Then I knew that it all came from the poison which they had drunk in old man Silva's house."

"That old man could not have had designs on any one. He is a man supposed to have had lots of money, but they haven't been able to find it, although a search has been made everywhere. He was of a kindly disposition."

"The discovery of the dead body of Joseph Silva was made Tuesday morning. It was at first reported that nothing had been seen of him Monday afternoon or early Tuesday morning, and his friends proceeded to investigate. Silva was seen sitting in a chair with his face turned toward the door. It took but an instant to discover that he was dead."

Dr. Pratt, executive officer of the Board of Health, however, says that Silva was attended by another man all Monday. This is partially borne out by the statement of Wilhelm, who was in Silva's house Monday afternoon and drank with him. Dr. Pratt said, "There is no doubt whatever in my mind that the man died of a disease of long standing, which was perfectly apparent when I called at the house and made an examination in the presence of the Portuguese consul. The door of his room was not kicked in as has been reported to you. On the contrary, there was a man in attendance on Silva all day Monday, and this same man was with him when he died. The symptoms at the time of his death were not at all the same as those of the three victims of yesterday and today."

A certificate of burial was issued by Dr. Pratt. Consul Canavarro and John M. Osorio were called to take an inventory of the dead man's effects. It was rumored that Silva was possessed of considerable means.

The news of the death spread and a number of persons came to the house. Among them August Medeiros, Joaquin Silva and Joseph Cabral came to the house. The latter was an undertaker in the employ of H. H. Williams, and brought the coffin. J. J. Silva, of Kauai; J. L. F. Silva, the latter a police officer, and a Board of Health inspector, dropped in. Medeiros and J. J. Silva were slightly under the influence of liquor at the time. While following Consul Canavarro and Mr. Osorio about the house looking for the hidden wealth, Medeiros spied several bottles of what appeared to be liquor. He took down from a shelf a gin bottle containing a brownish fluid, and invited the others to have a drink.

Mr. Osorio protested saying, "He is dead," pointing to the body "but he can see," meaning that it would be sacrilegious to drink of his liquor while he was yet in the house. Medeiros replied, "Never mind, that's what it's for to drink," and he took a draught. The others followed and the police officer and the health inspector. Both smelled the liquor and said they did not want any of it. They were scared men yesterday when they heard the news of the terrible tragedy in which they had barely escaped participating.

Medeiros complained of being ill Tuesday night. He said he was unable to catch his breath, and his vision was impaired. Yesterday he became worse and at 1 o'clock sent for his children and a priest. When they gathered about his bedside he was unable to identify them except by their voices. His eyesight was so much impaired that nothing in the room was distinguishable to him. It was then that he realized he was not to live long, and he told of his suspicions and said it was the liquor he had drunk, and that it was his own fault.

Consul Canavarro and Attorney Correa were notified, and both hastened to the house and learned the facts connected with his demise. After going to the same afternoon Joaquin Silva came in from the insane asylum. All day he kept reporting to the officials that the insane persons had high fevers, as they had red spots on their cheeks. At the same time it was noted that Silva's vision was greatly impaired. Dr. Herbert prescribed for him and told him to go home. After going to Medeiros' cottage, he and Captain Costa went to old man Silva's house on Punchbowl street, and Silva pointed out a bottle from which he said he had drunk the day before. This bottle was taken to the police station yesterday morning and later sent to Food Commissioner Shorey for analysis.

The news of the three deaths was first reported to the police station yesterday morning. Dr. Herbert reported to Deputy Sheriff Chillingworth at his house, and the two went direct to the police station, where they found High Sheriff Brown in conversation with Consul Canavarro and Attorney Correa.

The High Sheriff immediately commenced a personal investigation. Accompanied by the consul he went to the house of old man Silva and procured the two bottles containing the suspicious dirty looking fluid. The statements of persons who were connected in some manner or other with the events of the last three days were taken, and armed with these the officials took their departure. The bottles were sent to the Board of Health and put in charge of Food Commissioner Shorey.